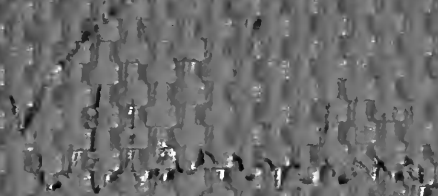


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Heart Echoes.



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

HEART ECHOES,

From the Shadowy Land of
The Blind.

A Collection of Brief Poems

—BY—

MRS. CARRIE C. MANNING.



33
“**T**IS well to speak in kindly guise
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human heart
And love link man to man.

“But stop not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell,
For he who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.

“The mercy that is warm and true
Should lend a helping hand
And they that talk, yet fail to do,
But build upon the sand.”

39428 ✓

cc



Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of 40 cents.
Address, MRS. CARRIE C. MANNING,
Charles City, Iowa.

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1890

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BY
MRS. CARRIE C. MANNING.

1890.
FLOYD COUNTY ADVOCATE.
CHARLES CITY, IOWA.

INTRODUCTORY.

MRS. CARRIE C. MANNING, the author of the following Odes and Lyrics, was born in Jericho, Chittenden, county, Vermont, on the 26th day of December, 1839. When but two years old she accidentally destroyed the sight of her left eye with a pair of scissors. Inflammation followed the accident, and extending to her right eye, produced almost total blindness, from which she has never recovered. She has never been able to more than barely distinguish between sunlight and darkness. At the age of seven she removed with her parents, John and Lemira Porter, to Wisconsin. Five years later, she entered the Wisconsin College for the Blind, where she remained seven years, especially distinguishing herself in Music, for which she developed a peculiar aptitude. Possessing a fine voice and an extremely sensitive ear, her progress in mastering the technical difficulties of this beautiful Art was rapid and satisfactory. Mrs. Manning possesses the true Poetic temperament, and had circumstances led her to a thorough cultivation of her talents, it is not too much to assert that she would have achieved a wide reputation as a writer of beautiful song. She is the wife of a disabled Veteran, he having lost his health and hearing while fighting for his country's honor, and defending her flag.

Mrs. Manning, in her modest efforts to help her invalid husband, hopes that the public will not think her presumptuous in thus publishing what she terms her "simple heart songs." Doubtless the public will concede more poetic merit to her productions than the author herself ventures to assume. Many of the following pieces are exquisite in sentiment and beautiful in imagery and rhythm. The following pieces are original except those duly credited. For these words of introduction the responsibility rests solely upon

A FRIEND.

A PRESENTATION.

At the last meeting of the Charles City W. R. C., Mrs. Carrie C. Manning presented the Corps with a beautiful flag, made with her own hands. It was of silk, and mounted on a staff ornamented with a flowering vine twined about it, and a large white lily, all done in exquisite bead work. When it is understood that Mrs. Manning is totally blind, it will be readily seen that her beautiful present was a "labor of love." Accompanying it was an original poem by the donor, which we give below. It is perhaps needless to say that the flag so presented will be treasured among the most precious possessions of the Charles City Woman's Relief Corps.—*Charles City Intelligencer*, Aug. 6, 1889.

Sisters, accept this gift I bring,
It is a grateful offering;
These little stars that shine so bright,
Were formed without the aid of sight.

These stripes that on the flag you see,
Were measured too, and cut by me;
I fain my gratitude would show,
And you'll excuse defects, I know.

At Bunker Hill in memory green,
At Plattsburg in eighteen fourteen,
My father and my grandsire too,
Then fought beneath the starry blue.

When treason raised her traitrous hand,
To rend this flag, divide this land,
How many noble patriots gave
Their lives our flag, our land to save!

Grandly did woman do her part,
With willing hand and bleeding heart;
No language yet has ever shown,
The place true women filled at home.

Throughout the fearful years of war,
In Him who hears the midnight prayer
They trusted, till the Mighty One
Dispelled the night and woke the dawn.

Many there were as brave as fair,
Who said, "our heroes need our care."
Out from luxurious homes they went
To dwell in hospital and tent.

On, on they went, by Heaven blest,
Dressing the wounds of those distressed,
Kneeling beside the couch of death,
Lifting the soul by prayer and faith.

And when the fearful war was o'er,
And peace smiled on our land once more
The soldier's victory was won,
While women's work was just begun.

Homeless and needy some were left,
Of dear sustaining ones bereft.
Woman's benevolence and worth
Then gave the grand Relief Corps birth.

We murmur when dark clouds arise,
When lightnings flash across the skies,
Though conscious that refreshing showers
Give health to us and bloom to flowers.

Were there no sorrows here to soothe,
No rugged, thorny paths to smooth,
Afflicted ones would never prove
The worth of sympathy and love,

Our country's flag in peace in war,
Sacred with stripes and gemmed with stars;
Befitting gift, methinks, for you,
Dear, Loyal Ladies, tried and true.

These additional verses were recited by the author at
a social given by the W. R. C. to the G. A. R's, where
many old Veterans were present:

Dear Veterans, you my piece have heard,
And pardon if I add one word;
I see you pass in grand review,
Remembered still, the Boys in Blue.

Your weary feet did never lag
Till you brought in triumph the dear old flag,
Each beauteous stripe, each jewel star
Is a priceless boon from the G. A. R.

Every true veteran here to-day
Should say, "God speed you on your way!
We promise, and will keep our pledge,
To vote for woman suffrage."

With equal rights in all our land,
Fulfill our Savior's great command,
Then 'Peace on earth, good will to men'
Shall thrill the echoing Heavens again.

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

When silvery waves of purple mists
And rainbow tints and shadowy gold
Blend softly round the close of day
Ere the sweet stars their light unfold,

Alone I sit and muse and dream
Of loved ones scattered o'er life's sea;
But central star of all my dreams
Thou art and ever more must be.

I know that eye can speak to eye
With grief or joy the soul to thrill,
But, ah! the voice exels by far
The beauty of the brightest star.

I knew not, dreamed not of the power
Which thou unconsciously possessed;
I only felt life new, complete;
I only knew that I was blest.

O! thou art now so far away,
And tho' on earth we meet no more,
'Tis sacred joy to think of thee,
To pray for thee till life is o'er.

May guardian angels on thee wait;
This is my daily prayer for thee;
Trusting tho' here our paths diverge
We'll meet beside the Jasper Sea.

LITTLE LESSIE FROM HEAVEN TO MAMMA.

Wait with patience, darling mamma,
Just a little longer wait;
Lessie'll be the first to meet you,
Greet you at the pearly gate.

I shall know you, darling mamma,
When your shining curls I see;
I will sing, " 'Tis Jesus loves me,"
Then you'll know for sure it's me.

I will lead you, darling mamma,
And the sweetest flowers I'll bring;
I will tell the angels, mamma,
They must listen when you sing.

I've a harp all bright and golden,
Loving Jesus gave to me;
There's another for you, mamma,
When you come to sing with me.

Don't cry, mamma, 'cause I love you,
And dear Jesus loves you too;
He will come and get you, mamma,
'Cause He smiled and told me so.

Wait with patience, darling mamma,
Just a little longer wait;
Lessie'll be the first to meet you,
Greet you at the pearly gate.

THE BLIND BOY'S SOLILOQUY.

BY PARKE BENJAMIN.

The bird that never tried his wing
Can blithely hop and sweetly sing,
Though prisoned in a narrow cage
Till his bright feathers droop with age;
So I, while never blest with sight,
Shut out from Heaven's surrounding light,
Life's hours and days and years enjoy,
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

That captive bird may never float
Through Heaven, or pour its thrilling note,
'Mid shady groves, by pleasant streams,
That sparkle in the soft moonbeams;
But he may gaily flutter round
Within his prison's scanty bound,
And give his soul to song—for he
Ne'er longs to taste sweet liberty.

O! may I not as happy dwell
Within my unillumined cell;
May I not leap and sing and play,
And turn my constant night to day?
I never saw the sky, the sea;
The earth was never green to me;
Then why, O! why should I repine
For blessings that were never mine?

Think not that blindness makes me sad:
My thoughts, like yours, are often glad.
Parents I have who love me well—
Their different voices I can tell;
Though far and absent, I can hear,
In dreams, their music meets my ear;
Is there a star so dear above
As the low voice of one you love?

I never saw my father's face;
Yet, on his forehead when I place
My hand, and feel the wrinkles there,
Left less by time than anxious care,
I fear the world has sights of woe,
To knit the brow of manhood so.
I sit upon my father's knee—
He'd love me less if I could see.

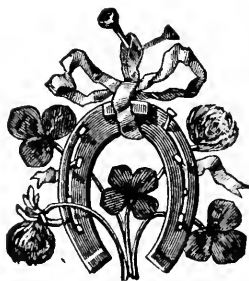
I never saw my mother's smile;
Her gentle tones my heart beguile—
They fall like distant melody,
They are so mild and sweet to me.
She murmurs not, my mother dear;
Though sometimes I have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek to tell the joy—
One smiling word would give her boy.

Right merry was I every day;
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brothers, friends and all,
To answer to their sudden call,

To join the ring, to speed the chase,
To find each playmate's hiding place.
And pass my hand across his brow
To tell him; I could do it now.

Yet, though delightful flew the hours,
So passed in childhood's peaceful bowers,
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh;
And though I never longed to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.

Now since I've learned to read and write,
My heart is filled with new delight,
And music, too,—can there be found
A sight so beautiful as sound?
Tell me, kind friends, in one brief word,
Am I not like that captive bird?
I live in song and peace and joy,
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.



CHRISTIE.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS.

D. S. DEERING.

'Mid the autumn flowers lying,
Lovely Christie D—— was dying;
Smiles of sweet angelic grace
Flitted o'er that fair young face.
To the loved ones weeping near her,
"Sing," she said, "for I am weary."
To their low, sad words replying,
Soft she whispered, "I am dying."

"Yet I fear not death's dark river;
Jesus will my soul deliver;
He hath said in tenderest tone,
'I will guide thee safely home.'"
Then her blue eyes gently closing,
On the Savior's breast reposing,
Her glad spirit passed before me,
To the realms of peace and glory.

Yet again I hope to meet her,
'Mid the pure and blest to greet her,
O'er the river, where, I ween,
Flowery fields are robed in green.
There no parting words are spoken,
There no love-links ever broken;
Praise shall be our fondest duty,
In that land of living beauty.

THE CANTEEN.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,

And true lovers' knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this,
We have drunk from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk;

But whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together, in bane or in bliss,
And I warn you, friend, when I think of this,
We have drunk from the same canteen.

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,

From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard we find in this,
We have drunk from the same canteen.

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought, in all kinds of weather,

And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest;
But this memory I cling to and love the best,
We have drunk from the same canteen.

But when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
 Upon which my faint spirit could lean.
O, then, I remember, you crawled to my side
And, bleeding so fast, it seemed both must have died,
 We drank from the same canteen.

HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS IN HIS ARMS.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. PRICE.

He shall gather the lambs in his arms,
 In His bosom the little ones bear.
Weep not that he sleeps, mourning ones,
 For him the Good Shepherd will care.

He is gone from a sorrowing world,
 Of afflictions, of trials and pain;
And though he is lost to you here,
 You shall clasp the sweet darling again.

Bright-winged seraphs have borne him away;
 Though his face you no more may behold.
Be comforted by the sweet thought,
 He is safe in the Heavenly Fold.

Two bright angels are beckoning to you
 From the beautiful Eden of love;
Look up through your tears and behold
 Those bright gems in the fair world above.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee while straying
Where dewy wild flowers grow;
I think of thee in shady dells,
Where murmuring waters flow.

And when amid the glittering throng,
Soft, starry eyes I see,
I turn away from all to weep,
And think; still think of thee.

When others sing the songs you sang,
So dear to thee and me,
My heart-strings quiver while I grieve,
And think, still think of thee.

While kneeling at the throne of grace,
Where none but God may see,
I lift my heart in prayer for all,
But most I think of thee.

TO A RAY OF MOONLIGHT.

O! beautiful ray of soft moonlight,
What is thy mission earthward to-night?
Art come to cheer the drooping heart,—
As Hope comes down from Heaven,
When earth's brief joys depart?

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

What if our bark o'er life's rough wave
By adverse tides be driven,
And howling tempests round us rave,
There are no tears in Heaven!

What though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven,
Still let it never be forgot;
There are no tears in Heaven!

The mourner sad, though drowned in grief,
Hath long with sorrow striven,
Shall find at last a sure relief—
Tears wiped away in Heaven!

Thus God our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrows far be driven,
There sin and death forever flee—
There are no sins in Heaven!

There from the blooming Tree of Life,
The healing fruit is given;
There, there shall cease the painful strife;
There are no tears in Heaven.

—*Selected.*

MY DREAM OF HOME.

I dream of a home, my childhood's home,
Mid New England's woods and hills,
Where the lily-bell her deep chalice cup
With crystal nectar fills.

I have wandered oft by the sparkling rills,
That sing to the fragrant shade
A sweet, dreamy tune all the elfins love
That dwell in the mossy glade.

I am dreaming to-night of the dear old cot,
All twined with sweet roses o'er,
Where I sang with my brother and sister dear,
Neath the tree by the open door.

But dearer than these were the loving tones
Of my mother's voice, so sweet;
For she told me oft of a Savior's love,
While kneeling at her feet.

I remember, too, how my young heart throbbed,
When my father stilled my fears,
And painted for Caddie—my pet name then—
Bright halcyon future years.

I dream of a home, of another home,
For change came o'er my life;
I had won the love of a noble heart,
And I blushed as he whispered, "wife."

How the glad years sped, with their joys and cares!
And two infants dear were given—
Their violet eyes unclosed—they smiled—
Then passed away to Heaven.

I have listened oft to the warbling birds,
By those precious, tiny graves,
Where forget-me-nots in their beauty bloom,
And the tender myrtle waves.

O'er our blighted hopes we together wept,
While two winters glided past,
And the star of hope that for aye seemed set,
Was rising so fair at last.

O! the fond, fond hopes we both cherished then,
For June, with the roses bright,
Brought our darling boy, and his presence sweet
Filled our dear little home with light!

How the happy days and the months flew past!
And sweet home rang with melody;
For our bonnie boy made the bright hours glad,
With prattle, and song, and glee.

O! how can I speak of the sorrows dread,
That fell like a pall on my heart;
Of the anguish deep, that forevermore
Must be of my life a part?

In the orchard fair, the children played,
And little I knew the cost,
For they soon returned with the sad, sad news;
That my darling boy was lost!

O'er hillside green, in wood and bower,
For my baby boy they sought;
But the twilight hours to my aching heart
No message of comfort brought.

Through the weary hours of that dreadful night,
Through forests and fields of corn,
Brave men and fair ladies my loved one sought,
Till mournfully broke the morn.

In a little pond by the orchard side,
They found him still and cold;
The spirit was gone, and my precious lamb
Was safe in the Heavenly fold.

O! the bitterness of those weary months
None may know but those whose fate
Is to weep alone o'er the grave of Hope,
With a heart all desolate!

I dream of home, of a happy home,
When the toils of life are done;
And I wait the dawn of a cloudless morn,
And a higher life begun.

I dream of a home, a blissful home,
With my loved ones all, all there!
We shall sing the songs of redeeming love,
On the banks of the river fair.

Keep sunshine in thy heart, dear friend,
Though hope may seem declining;
Though frowning clouds may shade thy path
Each has a silver lining!

Keep sunshine in thy heart, dear friend,
Yield not to grief and sorrow;
Though gloomy clouds may shadow thee,
The sun may shine to-morrow.

Our Life's a frail and wayward bark
Tossed on an ocean wide;
Some feebly wrestle with the wave,
To sink and find a watery grave;
Some reach the other side.

—*Jennie Foster Reynolds.*



DREAM LAND OF THE BLIND.

J. M. DIXON.

Thank God for dreams! They come to me in kindness,
To me, who am in darkness and dependence;
They come to bless me, in this awful blindness,
With more than earth's sublime resplendence.

Midnight, the ancient, with his robes outflowing,
A myriad shadow o'er the earth is casting,
While far above, the countless stars are glowing,
With fires primeval, pure and everlasting.

Full winged and voiceless, meditative silence—
Unseen and noiseless—moves through God's dominion
Traverses billowy seas and slumbering islands,
And soars afar on unimpeded pinions.

In this mid hour of night, when sleep, prevailing,
Makes earth forget its weight of human sorrow,
A thousand forms of beauty I am hailing,
Which live in vision and will die to-morrow.

Here, in this dream land, with its mountains hoary,
I see, with those who have not lost their vision;
I see, though blind, a realm of scenic glory—
Behold its skies, and tread its fields Elvian.

Here in a kingdom, vast and undecaying,
For all the blind in every age, created—
The grand beneficence of God displaying,
In life, and bloom, and beauty renovated.

Above the stars the fervid suns, all glowing,
In robes of regal sheen and earth arraying;
Below are rivers picturesquely flowing
Through lands whereon the smile of God is playing.

And here where oceans roll, are peerless islands,
Encompassed by the dash of waves full crested,
Adorned with valleys and majestic highlands,
And with the grace of Paradise invested.

Here is the rainbow, many-hued and arching—
The sign of promise, with no storm pursuing,
No cloud along the azure depths is marching
To mar a splendor evermore renewing.

And here are cascades in the sunshine flashing,
And down from rocky eminences leaping;
And there are cataracts, in volumes dashing,
To their profoundest depths sublimely sweeping.

Gladly I flee from wakeful hours dependent,
And summon aid which sleep alone can render,
And here, within this land of dreams resplendent,
I find a home of more than mortal splendor.

Awile in this enchanted land I linger.
With forms of wondrous blessedness before me,
My eyes then touched with death's delivering finger
Shall open on a realm of fadeless glory.

MEMORIAL ODE.

Composed and recited on Memorial Day at Charles City, Iowa, by Carrie C. Manning.

Hail, patriots, once again we meet,
Hail, honored freeman, proudly stand
Before us; still our country's pride,
A reunited, broken band.

Some faces from your ranks we miss,
Faces of friends we've known of yore.
To greetings no response is given
By voices, silent evermore.

With reverent steps we near the place
Where sleep our heroes, brave and true.
Freemen, think *well* what *freedom* cost,
They gave their *lives* for it, for *you*.

With hearts in sympathy we meet,
Our grateful tributes here to bring,
While each some hidden history
Blends with the floral offering.

Here patriot wives and mothers rest,
Who on fair freedom's altar laid
Their *Earthly all*; such sacrifice
The grandest heroism displayed.

Fair ladies kneel, while crystal tears
 Bedew the graves of friends who died
At Home, in Hospital, on Field,
 Bearing the flag; our Nation's pride.

When cruel, devastating war
 In mourning dressed our happy land;
Each City, Town and Hamlet fair
 Sent forth her gallant patriot band.

This was their sanguine, brave adieu:
 "Weep not for us, we'll soon come home."
How little did they realize
 The awful struggle still to come.

When news from fields of carnage red,
 With fear the bravest hearts oppressed;
When up from prison-pen and cell
 Came voiceless prayers from hearts distressed.

Swift sped the news as lightnings flash,
 Each patriot heart to touch, to thrill,
And noblest, bravest, truest men
 Rallied, the vacant ranks to fill.

Bravely the Rebel host they met,
 Firmly they held the well fought field,
The God of battles their support,
 The right must triumph, wrong must yield.

We met to welcome back the few,
 Bearing their banners, soiled and torn,
But only tender messages
 To many broken homes were borne.

Ah! tongue nor pen can e'er describe
 The suffering of those who lay
Wounded and thirsty, on the field
 Till life's last ripple ebbed away.

Shall beauteous garlands breathe alone
 Sweet memories of the cherished *dead*?
Let music, lovely art divine,
 Fair flowers, her sister spirits wed.

Some sleep in lonely wayside graves,
 Who on the weary march grew faint;
Some died in gloomy prison-pens,
 Language their suffering ne'er can paint.

Their names a sacred place deserve,
 With you, they fought, and not in vain,
They helped to lay rebellion low,
 They helped to break the bondsmen's chain.

Bring lilies of the valley fair,
 Emblems of purity and grace,
Bring sweet exotics, rich and rare,
 To deck the patriot's resting place.

Bring blushing flowers all diamond wreathed,
From garden fair and shady dell,
Blend laurel flowers and cedar green,
Our heart's devotion here to tell.

Breathe sweet, pathetic, tender strains,
Fit tribute to the true and brave
Whose duty done, and nobly done,
Rest in a soldier's honored grave.

While sunset radiance softly gilds
Valley and church spire, tower and hill,
We leave them to their peaceful rest
While we, life's duties yet fulfill.

Should traitor hands despoil our flag,
Or treason blot our Nation's page;
True men will rise, will yield their lives,
But not their blood-bought heritage.

The grand old flag, begemmed with stars,
In every clime shall be unfurled,
Cherished by every loyal heart,
The pride and glory of the world.

From Sunny Southland's fragrant dells
Bring myrtle and magnolia flowers,
Cull mountain rose and star flowers bright,
Where wood nymphs dwell in Northern bowers.

Blend waxen snow drops, dewy white,
With sparkling gems that gleam and glow,
Bring glittering pearls and rubies rare
To wreathe Columbia's peerless brow.

For peace, the white winged angel fair,
Dips her bright wand in Heavenly dyes,
Weeping no more o'er civil strife,
She writes this motto in the skies.

Peace, "peace on earth, good will to men,"
And caught by glad Angelic choirs,
While ransomed millions swell the strain,
Tis echoed back from golden lyres.

Hail, patriots, once again we've met,
Hail, noble freeman proudly stand
Before us, still our country's pride,
A reunited, broken band.

Though here your ranks will ne'er be full
As when you proudly marched away,
In Heaven, we know they'll be complete,
Bearing bright palms of victory.



THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears.
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet,
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the prints of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes it sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad.
We shall wake some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate;"
And the angels will be nearer
To the soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Savior cannot heal;
There is many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.

—*Selected.*



HOPE RIDES IN A BARK OF AMARANTH.

O! lovely bark of Amaranth!
Bearing my treasured hopes of years!
Onward and upward be thy course,
Beyond the reach of mortal fears!

Yes, precious Amaranthine bark;
Far, far above the dross of earth,
Beyond the clouds, beyond the storms,
Bearing my hopes of nobler worth.

O! speed thee on, my fairy bark!
My brightest hopes are all in thee;
Knowing my Savior's at the helm,
I trust thee to the stormy sea.

For well I know, His wisdom true
Will ever guide thee for the best,
And, at His mild, rebuking voice,
The winds and waves be lulled to rest.

O! tiny bark of fadeless flowers,
How lovely is thy mission, given
To bear our highest, dearest hopes
E'en to the sacred courts of Heaven!

Aloft on wings of Faith and Prayer,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
Thy journey o'er, thy mission done,
At Jesus' feet, immortal, bloom!

OUR PATRIOTS.

Ten thousands of patriot freemen
Went forth at the beat of the drum,
To rescue our dear bleeding country,
Or fall ere the task was done.

Ah! well we remember the morning,
When our brave boys bade us adieu!
How proudly they marched to the music,
Arrayed in the National blue!

Beneath Southern myrtle and roses
Sleep many of that patriot band.
How nobly they fought! but have fallen,
Far, far from their dear native land.

Those true men will ne'er be forgotten;
Their mem'ry still cherished will be.
As long as the flag of the Union
Waves over the land of the free.

Their names on the proud roll of honor,
Emblazoned in beauty shall shine
Through all the bright, glad, future ages,
Entwined with a glory divine.

How gladly we welcomed the morning,
When those who were spared returned,
Bright laurels of victory wearing—
The laurels so proudly they'd earned.

We ne'er can forget how they suffered,
How patiently hardships were borne,
How bravely they met every danger,
And brought back our banners untorn.

TO MY SLEEPING BABE.

Sleep, softly sleep, my babe,
And happy be thy dreams
Of shady dells, where drooping vines
Entwine 'mid dewy spray,
O'er azure streams, whose dreamy song,
Soft rippling, dies away.

Sleep, gently sleep, my babe,
While o'er thy shadeless brow
She smile of innocence now plays
In beauty half divine.
Ah! nameless charms and beauty rare
Are thine, and only thine!

Sleep, sleep in peace, my babe,
So pure, to me so fair.
A mother's love would shield thee fain,
Through all thy future life,
From dread temptation's wily power,
From sorrow, sin and strife.

But ah! this may not be!
Too soon thou must awake
And tread life's path, where flowers and thorns
Are intermingled still.
But I will trust a Savior's love—
Be guided by His will.

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Mother, your birth morn breaks o'er earth
In splendor, bright and fair;
As if to grace the honored day
With glories new and rare.
Each withered flower and leafless bough
Around my Western home,
Wears crystal robes more beautiful
Than richest summer bloom.

Mother, the life of morn was fair,
And free, delightful hours
You passed, while sparkling diamond wreaths
Crowned all the blushing flowers.
Fondly do you remember still
Each playmate and each nook
In orchard fair, or meadow green,
Beside the old mill brook.

Long years have flown, O! mother dear,
Since youth, with hopes so fair,
Threw a bright halo round the hours,
And banished every care.
Life was a lovely garden then,
And balmy perfumes rare
Floated amid the dewy flowers
That blent in beauty there.

But one by one those brilliant hopes
Have faded—yes, for aye!
And friends who paid you homage then
Are sleeping silently.
Yet here and there one still remains,
Like you, bowed down with age;
Like you, retaining all their worth
Throughout life's changeful page.

Shadows have fallen o'er your path,
And sorrow's deepest gloom
Has often gathered round your heart
Beside the darksome tomb.
Parents and children have you seen
Laid in the silent grave,
And weeping willows, far away,
Above my father wave.

Weary and worn, while others slept,
You watched with anxious care
Beside your dear ones, who have felt
And blessed your presence there.
And often have you gently soothed
In accents low and mild,
And made my room an Eden seem
To your unworthy child.

Fondly I cherished every tone
That fell upon my ear,
And oft in dreams, though far away,
I see your face so dear,
Radiant with hope and love, as e'er
The sunshine that is given
To faithful pilgrims here on earth,
To light their path to Heaven.

Never forsaken, though cast down,
Your trust is in the Lord;
Through bitter trials you have passed,
Supported by His word.
And as you near the golden shore,
The battle o'er and won,
The angel choirs will chant anew,
"The Christian's Welcome Home."



TEMPERANCE GREETING SONG.

Hail! temperance workers, joyful, Hail!

We greet you all to-night,
We pledge anew our loyalty
To temperance and to right.
Yes, gladly here we greet you all,
Hoping that we may hear
Glad news of progress in your work,
Our anxious hearts to cheer.

You, who are veterans in the field,
Who labored weary years
To conquer foes innumerable,
Trembling 'mid hopes and fears;
You, in God's time, a rich reward
With joyful hearts will see,
Your patient toil, your prayers, your tears,
Bear fruit on life's fair tree.

You, who have felt temptation's power
In all its dreaded might,
Rise, break those bonds, come forth true men.
Thrice welcome such to-night!
We pledge to you our friendly aid,
Come, join us heart and hand;
Trusting in God for strength and grace,
Surely we all may stand.

The least of us may bring our mite
And lay at Jesus' feet.
Crowned with His blessing, all our work,
Though small will be complete.
Men of Iowa, weeping wives,
Mothers and sisters wait;
Breathing this prayer, our loved ones save,
Save, ere it be too late!

Built on the "Rock of Ages" firm,
Our temple long will stand,
Dispensing light and peace and joy
Through every Christian land.
Then trusting, wait, and e'er fulfill
Heaven's high and holy laws;
God's blessing will attend their work
Who aid the temperance cause.



THINK OF ME.

When the morn, with blushes bright,
Floods each hill and dell with light;
When the sky-lark takes her flight,
Think, O! think of me!

When the sparkling vernal showers
Cool the glowing midday hours,
Shedding bloom on drooping flowers,
Think, O! think of me!

When the golden sun on high
Paints the west with crimson dye,
When the swallows homeward fly,
Think, O! think of me!

When the beauteous Queen of Night,
With her starry crown so bright,
Veils the earth with silvery light,
Think, O! think of me!

When within some loved retreat,
Kneeling at the Savior's feet,
Seeking consolation sweet,
Think, O! think of me!

When like the gentle dews at even
Fall the sweet replies of Heaven,
Dearest boon to mortals given,
Think, O! think of me!

TO A CANARY BIRD.

Joyous and happy thou seem'st to be,
O beautiful bird of song;
As if on the leafy boughs so high
Thou wert rocked by the soft wind's lullaby,
As it gently floats along.

Sadly, methinks, I should sit and weep,
If I were doomed to dwell
In a stinted cage, through whose prison bars
The lambent light of the glittering stars
In pitying radiance fell.

Selfish repining thou bid'st me quell,
Content with the humble part
Of soothing the sorrows which others bear,
E'en seeking their deepest griefs to share—
So comforting each sad heart.

Gently thou'st taught me the lesson pure,
That generous hearts alone,
By scattering sunshine every hour,
For each crushed thorn receive a flower—
True happiness, nobly won.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE REV. O. PORTER.

Beautiful hope of Heaven!
Cheering the Christian's way,
Making the midnight darkness
Bright as the cloudless day,
Helping him bear with patience
Trials which he must meet,
Filling the wounded spirit
With consolation sweet.

Beautiful hope of Heaven!
Pearl of immortal worth,
Lifting the troubled spirit
Far above ills of earth,
Whispering words of comfort,
Banishing every fear,
Bidding him still press onward,
Smiling, though through a tear.

Beautiful hope of Heaven!
Whispering, Christian, wait.
Bearing thy heavy burden,
E'en to the pearly gate.
There will the blest Redeemer
Bid thee thy cross lay down,
Open the golden portals,
Give thee a starry crown.

Hope will become fruition,
There, with the blood-washed throng,
Chanting the glad hosannas,
Hymning the rapturous song,
Glory to God forever!
Glory and highest praise!
Filling the courts of Heaven
Through the bright endless days.

FLOWERS AND FRIENDSHIP.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. A. M. LOOMIS.

Flowers may wither in a day;
Friendship never will decay.
Rarest blossoms fade too soon;
Real worth is friendship's boon.
In thy path may flowers be strewn;
In thy heart true friendship's throne.
Each tiny bud of azure hue
E'er breathes of friendship, pure and true.
Ne'er may Hope's flowers withered lie,
Nor in thy heart sweet friendship die.
Dearest flowers often perish;
Deepest friendship let us cherish.
Some flowers, though faded, are fragrant still;
Some friends are truest when sorrows chill.
How oft faded flowers are heart treasures yet;
How we treasure the friendship we cannot forget.
In Heaven's fair garden bright flowers will bloom;
Immortal's the friendship that outlasts the tomb.
Pleasant mem'ries will e'er be connected with flowers;
Precious friendship, dear Alice, shall ever be ours.

BEAUTIFUL ERIN.

Beautiful Erin, green isle of the sea,
Ever my fond heart is yearning for thee;
Nightly as stars wreathe the blue rolling deep,
In bright dreams of beauty thou crownest my sleep.

Why did I leave thee, fair land of my birth,
Lovely Utopian garden of Earth?
Ask the oppressor, whose gold-laden hand
Glitters with tears of the poor in the land.

Vale of Killarney, bright, picturesque spot,
Where dwell my parents in their humble cot;
There in my childhood swift flew the glad hours,
Passed with dear playmates amid thy green bowers.

Fondly I cherish the memories of youth,
Fraught with sweet counsel of wisdom and truth.
Dear, gentle mother, where'er I may be,
For all true success I'm indebted to thee.

Well I remember that sorrowful day
When the proud Falcon stood out in the bay;
Sad was the parting, we knew 'twas for years,
Fervent the hand clasping 'mid silent tears.

Years have since flown and the dear ones will come
Over the ocean to share my new home,
Heart-felt and happy the greeting will be,
When we all meet in the land of the free.

TRUE WORTH.

True worth is in being—not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses;
Nor catch them, like fish in a net;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things which we get.
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait:
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest and noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.

—*Selected.*



RECOLLECTIONS OF VERMONT.

Vermont, my far off native home,
Dear are thy hills to me;
In sunny climes, oft I may roam,
Still I remember thee.

Fain would I climb those hills once more
And search the woods for flowers;
And listen to the laughing rills
Play through their wildwood bowers.

When rosy morn comes peeping up
Over the distant hills,
Drinking the dew from chalice flowers
Which the cool night distils.

'Tis then I watch each golden ray,
Thinking that it may bear
A loving thought from some dear friend—
Or wish that I were there.

And when the day-god sinks to rest,
Low in the distant west,
And dreamy twilight steals o'er earth,
Calm hours of peace so blest.

Still, still my thoughts are far away
With a loved and happy band,
And methinks I can no longer stay
From my own dear native land.

DREAM OF HEAVEN.

When gliding from the silvery strand
I felt no pang within my heart;
While passing to the better land
No troubled waters tossed my bark;
I crossed no river dark and deep;
No dashing waves disturbed my rest,
But on the wings of fancy borne,
I stood amid the pure and blest.

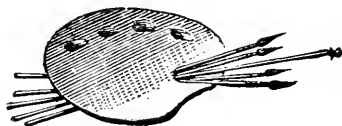
Stood on those hills forever bright,
Where fadeless flowers celestial grow,
Where waves of Heavenly melody
From angel voices ever flow.
And saw and heard.—How can I tell?
Those glorious scenes and sounds divine,
And soul enchanting harmony.
O! were those joys forever mine.

And precious friends, the loved and lost,
I saw and clasped each loving hand;
They long since crossed the narrow sea,
Entering the port of glory land.
A countless throng of cherubs fair,
Our little ones of long ago
Sang songs of praises to the Lamb,
The sweetest songs of Heaven, I know.

And loving friends, parted for years,
There met in bliss to part no more;
With glad hosannas on their lips,
They roamed the bright celestial shore.
And angel mothers, too, I saw
Embrace their sons betrayed by wine,
But they were saved, what joy in Heaven.
I paused, o'ercome by love divine.

Surpassing all in splendor there,
High in the light of glory shone
The center of all light and love,—
Center of Heaven, our Father's throne;
And from it flowed a river clear,
With diamond sands along the shore,
And bright, ethereal, angel forms
Reflected on its bosom were.

And on its banks, verdant and fair,
Congenial spirits love to roam;
There we shall meet to part no more,
And blend our songs in that loved home.



THE FATE OF CUSTER.

The brilliant hues of sunset
Gilded the western sky;
A thousand changeful rainbow tints
Blent in transparency,
And purple shades of twilight,
Mingled with shadowy gold,
Still rest on hill and river,
While the soft stars unfold.

Across the broad, green prairie,—
Fair garden of the West
That regal Araletha
In summer bloom hath dressed—
A band of weary horsemen,
Brave Custer's noble men,
Halted to build their camp fires,
With grateful hearts, I ken.

Those valiant, long tried horsemen
With thoughts of home were filled,
And many a lovely vision
Each manly bosom thrilled.
Brief, fond, yet cheerful letters
Were written ere they slept,
And o'er those precious treasures
Far distant loved ones wept.

When morn in splendor breaking
O'er mountain, isle and sea.
The harp of Nature waking
To glorious harmony;
While warblers in the greenwood
Poured forth their melody,
This band of patriots wakened
At sound of reveille.

From dreams of tender beauty,
Of home's sweet harmony,
Each soldier woke to duty,
On that eventful day.
Amid the June flowers kneeling,
They breathed a silent prayer
That He who hears the raven
Would for their dear ones care.

No word of apprehension,
No sorrow-shaded brow,
Betokened that ere sunset
They'd meet the savage foe;
While bugle notes still echoed
O'er flowery plain and hill,
The patriot fires rekindling,
Each freeman's bosom thrilled.

O'er sedge, and through dense thicket.
Those noble men so true,
Followed their brave commander,
'Till burst upon their view

Those fiercely savage warriors,
Who forth in legions came,
Their livid faces glowing,
Their eyes emitting flame.

Down on their helpless victims
In countless hordes they poured,
Nor ceased their work of murder,
'Till on the crimson sward
Lay many a dying patriot,
Whose locks of shining hair
Were borne by cruel monsters
As trophies, high in air.

Along the river's margin,
And through the flowery dell,
The lingering light of sunset
In pitying radiance fell;
Sweet echoes through the forest
On zephyrs light were borne,
And, wreathed with starry beauty,
Flowed on the Little Horn.

O! God, in deep compassion
Thou heardst the soldier's prayer,
And Thou, who heardst the raven,
Wilt for bereaved ones care.
O! teach us true submission
To Thee, our Father, God!
Help us, without a murmur,
To pass beneath the rod.

I AM BLIND.

I am blind!

O! what meaning these words do impart;
Like the chilling north wind, it sweeps over my heart,
The beauties of nature are hidden from view,—
The bright world, the star-gemmed ethereal blue.

O! the flowers
That bloom by the brook-side in spring,
And the bright-feathered songsters that love there to
sing,
Have beauty, alas! all to me undefined!
I cannot behold them, for O! I am blind!

Music sweet,
Stealing softly, seems whispering to me,
Were light not created, in deep harmony
Couldst thou fail to picture fair scenes to the mind?
Ah! useless repining; I am blind! I am blind!

Heart, be still!
These sad murmurs are sinful, are vain;
The dear loving Father knows all of thy pain;
He feels all thy grief and he knows all thy fears,
And has promised to wipe from my eyes all the tears.

On the banks
Of the river of Life there are flowers,
And soft zephyrs float throught the amaranth bowers;
There dear friends will meet me, as Heavenward I
come,
And angels will greet me in that happy home!

VACATION SONG.

With joy we hail the summer days,
Which brings vacation near;
Adieu to books and studies all,
Adieu to school-mates dear.
Weary of climbing up the steep
Of science and of lore,
We long to see our friends again,
And feel we're free once more.

Home! there's a magic in the word
That makes each young heart bound!
For loving tones we seem to hear,
And dear forms cluster round.
Brothers and sisters, parents, friends,
We hope ere long to meet,
And gathered round the home fireside,
We'll hold communion sweet.

But ere we go, we'd say farewell
To those we leave behind—
Teachers and Superintendent dear,
The Matron ever kind.
You have our love and gratitude,
In memory each a place,
Your names, engraven on our hearts,
Time never can efface.

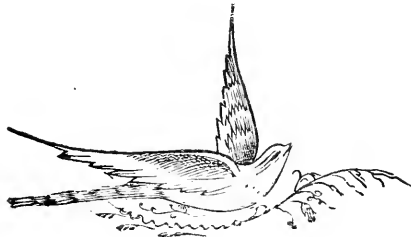
Once more! Good bye! we're off at last,
Vacation to enjoy!
No clouds are in the future's sky,
Our pleasures to destroy.
And when a few short weeks have passed,
We hope to meet again,
To clasp each hand of this loved band.
Adieu! adieu! 'till then!

HOME.

BY H. M. GOODWIN.

What constitutes a home?
Not high-raised roof, stone front or palace wall,
Square tower or rounded dome;
Not pillared porch, wide doors, or stately hall;
Not parlors richly dressed,
Where curtained light, streaming through perfumed air,
Falls from the crimson west
On sculptured vase, gilt walls and pictures rare;
Not terraced walks or lawn,
Where elm-tree shadows mark the lingering hours,
And through the night till dawn
Moon-lighted fountains fall in silver showers,—
These cannot make a home;
But love, that nestles in a steadfast bond,
And wishes ne'er to roam;
Hope, through east windows looking far beyond
The narrow vale of time,
To the great mountains and the tideless shore:
Sweet memories that climb

And cluster, fragrant, round the open door,
Through which the blessed feet
Of loved ones gone have often passed before;
And winged fancies fleet
(Day-dreams that young Imagination weaves)
That lightly come and go,
Like twittering swallows underneath the eaves;
Joy that doth ever flow
From the clear fountain welling in the breast,
And making all things glow,
With radiance and celestial beauty dressed;
Calm trust in God and man;
Contentment sitting by its own fireside,
While winter's stormy van
Gathers the household group in circle wide,
Where old and young do meet
Around the evening lamp and social blaze,
And children's voices sweet
Blend in the symphony of love and praise.
These constitute a home,
However rude or humble be the cot;
All else is empty room—
A body garnished where the soul is not.



FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

Farewell, Old Year, farewell to you;
 You've been for many a day
A friend most tried, a friend most true—
And as we bid you our adieu,
We give our heartfelt thanks to you,
 And speed you on your way.

We've had full many a merry time
 Since first we met, Old Year.
You've sung for us the Christmas rhyme,
And rung for us the Christmas chime,
And many a joy at Christmas time
 You brought with hearty cheer.

You crowned the woodland banks with bloom
 Of roses red and sweet—
You gave the violets their perfume,
Ripened the cornfield's tasseled plume,
And filled the mill-wheel's running flume,
 To grind the golden wheat.

You brought the yellow daffodil
 To blossom in the spring—
Strewed cuckoo-flowers on every hill,
And cat-tails by the rippling rill—
And taught the lonely whip-poor-will
 His vesper song to sing.

You turned the ivy's green to red,
The maple leaves to gold—
Purpled the clusters overhead,
And showers of ripened nuts you shed,
When fallen leaves lay thickly spread
Above the forest mold.

And if you gathered some fair flowers
That blossomed on your way,
You bore them to a fairer clime,
Where neither cold, nor care, nor Time
Could blight them in their golden prime,
Or touch them with decay.

And ah! you brought, Old Year! Old Year!
One tiny baby flower
To nestle on its mother's breast,
And close its blue eyes into rest,
When song-birds seek their cradle-nest
At twilight's shadowy hour.

And now, Old Year, farewell to you!
We grieve to lose you so—
You've been a friend both tried and true;
And as we bid you our adieu,
We give our heartfelt thanks to you,
And sigh that you must go.

HOPE.

I've floated o'er the earth on a beam of light,
As the fire-fly shines in the darkest night;
I've kissed the flowers bespangled with dew,
Then soared aloft to my home of blue.,
On a golden beam through a fairy bower
I have sought in vain for a fadeless flower;
Its hue must be bright as a seraph's wings,
When he basks in the smile of the King of kings;
Its fragrance pure as the light above
That beams from the brow of the God of love.
I sought on that lovely sea-girt shore,
Where science and wisdom were blent of yore,
Where, sportive as birds in their leafy bowers,
Young children were twining the earliest flowers.
Yet their sires were groaning with anguish keen,
On each manly cheek was the tear-drop seen,
And lone by that shore, where the Grecian wave
Was dashing its spray, stood a chieftain brave.
His people were slaves, and their galling chain
Was rending his soul. Shall it suffer in vain?
I sought to solace his anguish deep,
And encourage his heart that he should not weep.
And he said, as I whispered: My arm is strong,
Unconscious of might, I wept too long;
My land shall be free as the mountain air,
And the tyrant be crushed in his hideous lair,
But his generous soul with revenge grew dark,
And I wept, though I quenched not its kindling spark.
Where the happy were wrapped in their visions of love,
And the sky-lamps were gemming the azure above.

On the downy path of the sportive breeze,
That murmured all night 'mid the leaf-clad trees,
I was gently borne to a chamber lone,
Where the midnight lamp o'er a scholar shone,
The offspring of genius, whose every thought
With fancy and feeling was richly fraught.
But a dream of ambition was lurking there,
And I turned with a sigh to a scene more fair,
Where the perfume sweet o'er my senses stole;
'Twas the balm of peace to the anguished soul;
It breathed from a flower, a lovely thing
That bloomed in the heart's most sacred spring.
Then the trophy-clad seraphs around me came;
Their harps of glory were sounding its name.
'Twas blessed beneficence, spotless and mild,
And I hailed it immortal with joys undefiled.
In an amaranth wreath, for the brow of the kind,
It is twined by the orphan, the mute and the blind,
And it blooms ever fair, as the star of even,
Though drooping and sad with the tear-drops of Heaven.

—*Selected.*



PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

“Father! before thy footstool kneeling,
Once more my heart goes up to Thee;
For aid, for strength, to Thee appealing,
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Hear me! for heart and flesh are failing—
My spirit yielding in the strife;
And anguish wild, as unavailing,
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow,
Help me to bear Thy chastening rod;
Give me endurance; let me borrow
Strength from thy promise, O, my God.

Not mine the grief which words may lighten;
Not mine the tears of common woe;
The pangs with which my heart-strings tighten;
Only the All-seeing One may know.

Savior! our human form once wearing,
Help, by the memory of that day,
When, painfully, Thy dark cross bearing,
E'en for a time, Thy strength gave way.

Beneath a lighter burden sinking,
Jesus I cast myself on Thee;
Forgive, forgive this useless shrinking
From trials that I know must be.

O! let me feel that Thou art near me;
Close to Thy side, I shall not fear.
Hear me, O strength of Israel! hear me;
Sustain and aid! in mercy hear!

—*Selected.*

By request of an Old Veteran.

DEPENDENT PENSION BILL.

Sung by Comrade Thomas Woolley at the Fifth Annual Campfire of Will Robinson Post, No. 294, Sterling, Ill.

What means this great commotion
About a pension bill?
It shakes the body politic
As though it had a chill;
They call the bill dependent,
And refers, so I am told,
To a remnant of the army
Who fought in days of old.

CHORUS.

That's what's the matter with the boys,
That's what's the matter with the boys;
Cheer up, my comrades, don't feel blue,
Cheer up, my comrades, don't feel blue;
That's what's the matter with the boys,
That's what's the matter with the boys;
If you have lost your grip,
Keep a stiff upper lip,
There's a good time coming for you, boys.

I have read in certain papers,
And I hear it on the streets,
That this bill is in the interest
Of paupers and dead beats.
It seems very singular
They didn't call them so,
The soldiers of the Union,
Some twenty years ago.

How many are the deadbeats,
How many were they then,
When the loyal homes responded
To the call for loyal men?
How many brave and honest—
Then trust these men to-day,
When their steps are growing feeble
And their locks are turning gray.

What tho' some shirked their duty
Through greed or craven fear,
There were more who faced the music,
And at roll-call answered 'Here.'
And tho' they never responded
To the Surgeon's dreaded call,—
No hospital would hold them,—
They can't prove their claim at all.

It's hard to be a pauper,
Yet I remember well the while
When the Nation was dependent
On the gallant rank and file.

It used up all the surplus,
And no word of tongue or pen
Against the loyal millions
Who were so "dependent" then.

But times have changed;
The veterans are only paupers now—
A burden on the Government,
And deadbeats anyhow:
But the men who bore the musket
To-day can bear the shame,
For no reproach can tarnish
The Union soldier's name.

A FAREWELL.

May we all meet in that bright land,
Where parting words are never spoken,
And stand around our Father's throne,
A family unbroken!



TESTIMONIALS.

Those who read "Heart Echoes" will want Mrs. Manning's new March just out entitled, "The Initiation March, a Blind Sister's Offering to the W. R. C."

MY DEAR SISTER:—Permit me to congratulate you and say I am happy to inform you that your beautiful March has been adopted by the National Committee, and will hereafter be sold to Corps all over the United States.

HANNAH R. PLIMPTON,
Nat'l Sec. W. R. C.

I consider it very fine.

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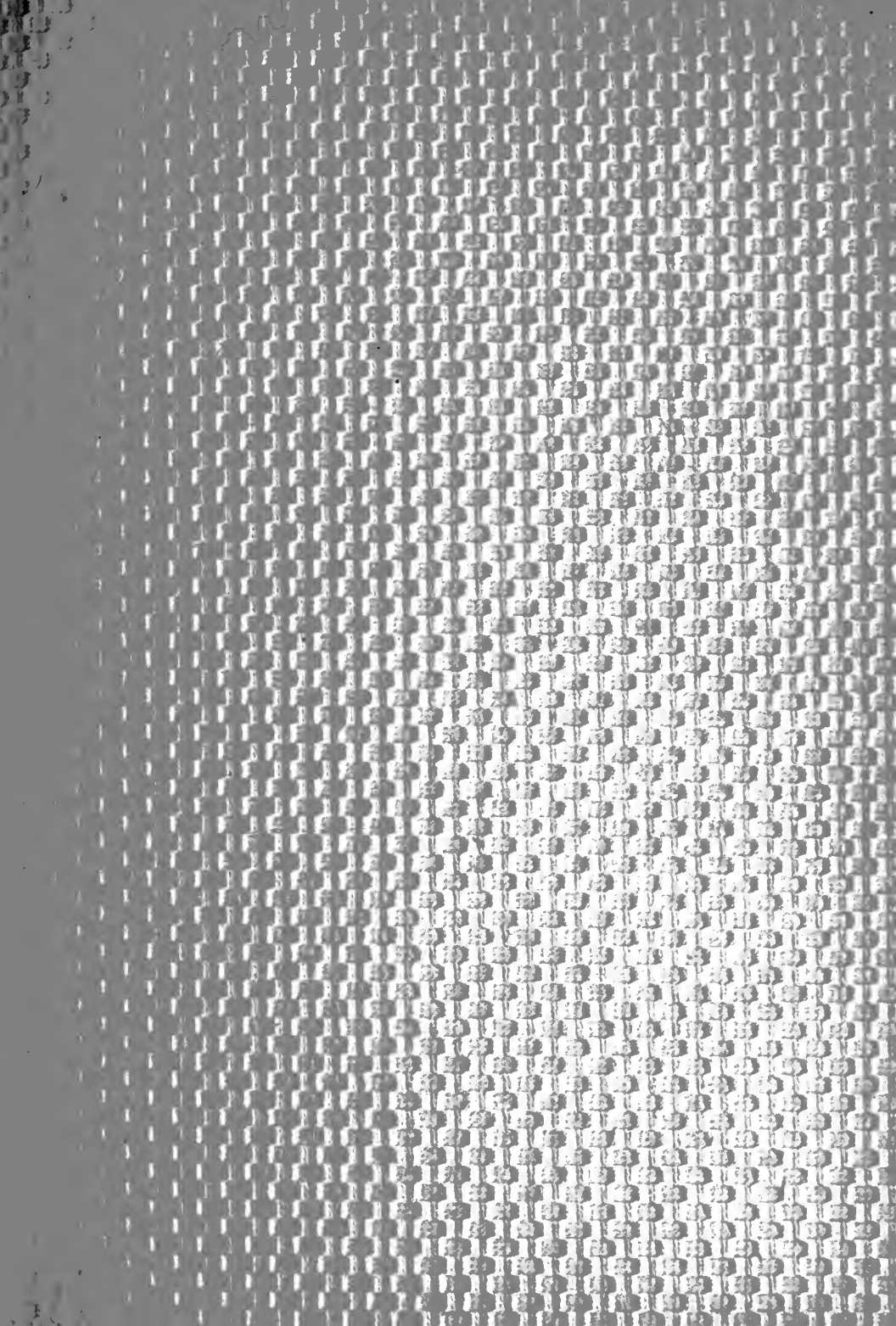
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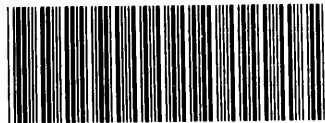
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